MB Earle

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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Sydney Howard Gay, Maria Weston Chapman, Edmund Quincy,

" The Peculiar Institution."

Pro-Slavery.

Communications.

were appointed to draft resolutions and bring business before the Convention. G. E. Stebbins, D. Piekto strike out the word/yee, before citizens. In Neward, and John W. Hurn, were appointed such Committy
E. L. Burtiss moved the appointment of a Pinance
(Committee. I. Busin opposed of Committee, and Committee and Committee, and Committee and Committee. In Business of Such Comsolution passed. No. 5 was then taken up and dismittee. J. W. Hurn mored the appointment of a pinance and was accepted, and thus anemded the word with interest, Many a stronghold of
mittee. J. W. Hurn mored the appointment of a custometer of the committee of the propose manys for officers the enaiting
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Committee and Stanth H. Hollowell, were appointed
to the Committee and Stanth H. Hollowell, were appointed
to the Committee and Comm

on ring.

Thursday Morning.—Met pursuant to adjournet.

Resolved, That the General Agent be requested to imment. Resolution No. 6 laid on the table, and No. taken up for discussion. Lorenzo Mabbit and G. Stebbins spoke in its favor. David Briggs (who seridently laboring under a discessed action of verariion and marvellousness) said no charch member or priest was fit for, or could be an Abditional.

He's a great contender for the right of speech, but never speaks to the question. He was requested to be represented to the contender of the right of speech, but never speaks to the question. He was requested to the contender of the right of speech, but never speaks to the question. He was requested to the contender of the right of speech, but never speaks to the question. He was requested to the contender of the right of speech, but never speaks to the question. He was requested to the contender of the right of speech that the contender of the right of the ri

in ories, and at this crisis, "Silence to contain this crisis, "Silence to contain the Slave,"

SAM'L. SWAIN, JR.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.



3.				
Marshalton,	Chester	County,	March	7th.
Romansville.			66	9th.
Embreville,			cc	66
Unionville.	66		66	11th.
Chatham Sa	nare, "		66	· 13th.
West Grove	. "		٤.	15th.
East Notting	ham, "		66	17th.
Rising San,	Md.		66	19th.

PROSPECTUS

TRUE AMERICAN."

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Doetrn.

Gathered at the house of mourning, We have come, to bear away To the tomb the one who perished In her childhood's little day.

Ere Time's frost-work fell upon it, Ere the fires of youth were dim, Ere earth's mildew-blight was on it, Flew her spirit back to Him.

Him who gave it in His kindness, As a flower to bloom awhile 'Mid the desert where ye wander, And beside your path to smile.

Loving ye, the boon was tendered, Loving it, He calls again His beloved, ere sin hath gendered On so holy thing a stain.

Now, while silence reigns around Noiseless as a snow-flake's fall, Comes a Heoven-descended pro To the little sleeper's pall:

Spreading o'er the warbled features (Rendered thus divinely foir,) Such a smile as might be waken If an Angel slambered there

Not for such, thus lain in beauty,

Not for such, thus lain in beauty,
Sinless upon nature's breast,
While the all that made it lovely
Speeds unprisoned to its rest,
should we mourn, with grief unter
By the promise left by Him,
Who hath told us that in Heaven,
The child shall be His Seraphim

The child shall be His Seruptim. But when He of Bethlehem wanders. Love His mission—souls to save, Once he stood, with teerful vision, At a stricken morth's grave. And His eye, who watcheth ever Those whom love unchanged ended. Looks not from His throne of merey Unkindly on a Mother's tears. Goll will child us not for loving Aught that His impress doth bear Though the form we love he luman—Sude as once His stooged to wear—Sude as once His stooged to wear—filter than the stoog of the service of th

Yes, while nature's ties are sundered, And thy youngest born doth sleep In death's cold, unwaking slumber, Thou, a stricken one, may'st weep.

eeps:—a Mother's brow is hurning
Weep:—o Mother's heart is wrung
eep:—the accents of thy teaching
Live no longer on its tongne.

Weep: but not for the departed!

She—whose little mission done—
Hath put off the dust that cumbered,
And the courts of glory won.

And the courts of gony won.

Weep; but in thy sorrow mingle
Such true joy as Faith can give,
When, a messenger from God, it cometh,
Telling as the dead doth live.

Keep this lovely ministenat beside thee;
Let thy soul lis mantle wear;
And, though human strength be weakness
Thou can'st suffer, thou can'st benr.

Tis with wisdom, when He judgeth,
Tis in mercy, when He calls.
Tis His love that freights the blessing
Or the scourge that on us falls.

From the New-York Tribune.
THE MIGHT OF WORDS.
What to man his greatness giveth
O'er the creeping things and birds,
But the sout that in him liveth,
And the glory of his words?

With the gift of life were given,
For his utterance true and loud,
Something of the fire of heaven,
And the thunder of the cloud.

In his voice were blent the rushing
Of the storm-winds o'er the seas,
With the fountain's peaceful gushing
And the music of the breeze:

and the murmur of the breaking
Of the billows on the shore,
With the whirlwind's harsh awaking
In the forest dark and hoar.

Words are weapons, better, truer, Sharper than the battle-sword! trong against the evil-doer, With the server of the Lord!

With the server of the LOTH I By the words of turbn and terror Are the works of wrong revealed: So the old and cherished error To the Weak and True shall yield.

ords have shaken the foundations

arnest words for Freedom spoken, Make the blind and bondman brav nd the might of words hath broken E'en the fetters of the slave!

Vords have filled the golden pages
Of the poet's deathless rhyme,
Which, like iron, hath linked the ages
Of the world from time to time.

nd have garnered up the glory Of the Old World for the New.

The tongue were dumb forever, Silence were not proud and strong, ove were like a buried river,— . So were Eloquence and Song.

Oh! but sweeter were the story,
If men cast away the sword,
Andforget the evil glory
That the tongues of men accor